

The best Stomach and Liver Pills known and positive and speedy ture for Constipation, Indigestion, Jaundice, Billousness, Sour Stomach, Headache, and all ailments arising from a lisordered stomach or sluggish liver. They eontain in concen-trated form all the

virtues and values of Munyon's Paw-Paw tonic and are made from the juice of the Paw-Paw fruit. I unhesitatingly recommend these pills as being the best laxative and cathartic ever compounded. Send us postal or letter, requesting a free package of Munyon's Celebrated Paw-Paw Laxative Pills, and we will mail same free of charge. MUNYON'S HOMOEO-PATHIC HOME REMEDY CO., 53d and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

These candy tablets do just as much as salts or calomel. But Cascarets never callous the bowels. They never create a continuous need, as harsh cathartics do. Take one just as soon as the trouble appears, and in an hour its over.

Vest-pocket box, 10 cents—at drug-stores. Each tablet of the genuine is marked C C C.

PATENTS Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free, Highest references. Best resulta.

As early as the fifteenth century Liberia was the first country to send otton cloths to Northern and West-rn Europe. That industry is revivng for home consumption is a reent report.

Cocoanut mats have been provided for engineers and ffremen of the Baden State Railways to prevent their hearing being impaired by the vibration of their engines.

Electric locomotives capable of a speed of about 43 miles an hour are used to haul trains through the Simpion Tunnel, in Switzerland.

A POLICEMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

Suffered For Years From Chronic Kidney Trouble.

Walter J. Stanton, 1139 Pear St., Camden, N. J., says: "Kidney trouble bothered me for fifteen years. If stooped, sharp twinges shot through _y back and it was

hard for me to arise. T was treated by several doctors, one a specialist, but did not receive relief.

Finally I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and soon noticed an improvement. I continued until the trouble disappeared. Remember the

name-Deau's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Origin Of Our Time.

The hour is divided into 60 minutes simply because in old Babylon there existed, by the side of the decimal system of notation, another system of notation, another system, the sexagesimal, which counted by six-There is no number which has so many divisors as 60. The Baby-lonians divided the sun's daily journey into 24 parasangs, each parasang, or hour, being divided into 60 minutes. The parasang is about equal to a German mile, and the Babylonians compared the progress made by the sun during one hour to the progress made by a good walker during the same time.-New York American.

Waiting Their Turn. "Did your folks down in Bingville

see Halley's comet this spring?" asks the visitor.
"Nope," replies the native. "We never get any of those big shows until after they've played a year in

New York."--Judge. He Had Feared It Would. The prospects for a safe and sans summer are not as good as

were. The Saturday Evening Post is printing another seriel story by Robert W. Chambers .- St. Paul Dis-

The Hardest Kind. "Ever do anything in the way of settlement work?" Yes; I've tried bill-collecting."-Pittsburg Post.

The total sale of English goods in Argentina averages \$100,000,000 annually.

There's vitality, snap and "go" In a breakfast of

Grape-Nuts

Why? Because nature stores up In wheat and barley The Potassium Phosphate In such form as to Nourish brain and nerves. The food expert who originated

Grape-Nuts

Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," Found in packages.

TO AN OLD FRIEND.

BY MARY E. COLERIDGE. Now when the sweet sunny weather Quickens all that once was dead I remember how we two, You and I, I and you, Wandered about the streets together. Reading the books that had to be read. Saying the things that cannot be said.

The world was young, and we were younger In those bright forgotten days,
I remember how we two,
You and I, I and you,
Read and read for the spirit's hunger,
Walked in the old familiar ways,
Talked and talked for each other's praise.

The world is young, but we are older Many a book we shall read no more— I remember how we two,
You and I, I and you,
Yowed that love should not grow colder,
That we would love as we loved before,
And the years should make-us love the more

-From "Gathered Leaves."

A Story of Adventure, in Which a Lost Boy and a Tramp Become Close Friends.

W. K. ROSE, IN CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER.

The tramp slowly smiled and gently

"You're a gentleman, son," he said.

I'm sure you'll help me. You're real-

a little ways from the boy, laughed.

"I've run away from a boys'

there, and there was lumps ir m

him easy."

"No," replied the vagaboud.

"Go ahead," said the tramp.

The boy looked up at it.

"Thou who dost all things com-

mand, bless our home, our friends,

our land. We are children in Thy

The child looked around at the vag-

to say yours first.

hand.'

gravely added.

"And tramps know so much, don't

pushed the morsel away.

The tramp nodded.

ly a tramp, ain't you?

lot," he said. "Go on."

lost?

they?"

waited for the man to approach. He not eating. If you haven't had your was a boy of ten, a tired boy whose supper, please take this." And he face was gray through lack of rest offered the vagabond the last bit of and whose eyes were heavy through | bread. lack of sleep. His clothes were dusty

and torn and his fine shoes were

coated with dried mire. The man coming down the quiet highway was a tramp, a tattered, whiskered, slouching vagabond. He clean-up, kiddie." was singing in a maudlin voice and the song was a sentimental ballad of drained the cup. the variety stage. His battered soft hat was pushed back on his tangled | you, sir." hair and his dirty face was upturned to the paling sky. And he did not see the waiting boy.

"My Mamie is a fair one, My Mamie is a rare one; There's never a girl like Mamie in

this good old world of ours; You never saw a sweeter, You never saw a neater;

My Mamie is th' fairest flower of all th' bloomin' bowers.

His voice trailed off in a longdrawn note as he caught sight of the "Hullo," said the later a little tim-

fálv. "Howdy, boy," said the tramp as he looked ove" the lad in an odd appraising way. He fell to whistling as he stared at him. "Lost, strayed or

merely gallivanting?" The boy's lip quivered. He was very tired.

"I-I think I strayed," he an- me in a room and beat me with a swered. "Anyway, I'm sure I'm lost." cane, and I pushed open a window in The tramp came a little nearer. He the night and climbed down a tin was very dirty and there was a stale water pipe and ran away." He paused smell about him. His white teeth a moment. "My name is Spencer glistened in the midst of his whis- Pond," he said. "and we live at Rox- returned. kered face. But the boy was not

He put out a grimy hand and laid thought it best for me to go to the to be respectable." it on the boy's shoulder.

beautiful song-and so I came out." was sick and I didn't know anybody woman's woodbox. The tramp had been softly whistling

while the boy explained.

"Legs limp, eh?" "Yes, sir.'

"Hungry?" "Yes, sir."

"Get up on my back," he said. "I'll to my mamma. And I was thinking tore you a piece."

The boy obeyed, holding the vagabond tightly about the neck, while struck him hard in the face and made the man clasped his legs.

"Ain't I heavy?" he presently asked as the tramp strode along. "Not a bit heavy, son," replied the

vagabond cheerily. "Ride as easy as them off and the man who owns the you can. We've got something of a little school came running and called ways to go. There ain't a farmhouse me a little brute and wouldn't give within two miles of here." "All right," murmured the boy.

His head drooped against the tramp's myself. But I had my knife in my shoulder. "Couldn't you sing a little as you walk? I like that song and and got out and ran through the night maybe it would rest you some.' The vagabond chuckled. "Maybe it would," he agreed.

"Maybe, too, it would put some folks did a man took my money—it wasn't to sleep." He chuckled again, and much-and said he'd cut my head off when he sang his voice had taken on if I told anybody. But I ain't afraid an unaccustomed softness.

"My Mamie is a fair one, My Mamie is a rare one,
There's never a girl like Mamie in this good old world of ours!" with fervor. He wrinkled his forehead. "You've come quite a piece out of your way, kiddie. Chelsea Springs

He stopped the song. The boy's breathing told him he was asleep.

He clutched the lad's legs a little tighter and stalked on.

The evening shadows fell. The glowing hues faded from the sky, a gray mist filled the air.

The tramp presently passed up a lane and finding a low place in the want to say? fence managed to get into a field without awakening the tired child. He carried him to a haystack and sinking on his knees contrived to lay the boy on the loose hay at the foot of the stack. The lad did not unclose his

heavy eyes. The man stood up, an ugly figure outlined against the gray sky, and stared down at the small white face.

"Somebody's kid," he muttered, and his voice had a queer sound. He slowly pulled off his ragged coat and abond. laid it across the sleeping child. "Now to do a little foraging." He hesitated a moment. "If the laddie wakes up," he said, "he'll find my coat over him, and then he'll know I'm coming back." He turned and stalked across the field and presently disappeared behind the bushes by the

He was gone twenty minutes, perhaps, and when he returned he had a bottle of milk and an old tin cup and half a loaf of bread.

He stooped and touched the boy on the shoulder. The tired eyes opened. "Here, son," he said. "It's better to eat a little something. You'll sleep the easier. Sit up and make yourself comfortable. Here's some milk. Dip

the bread in the cup. That's right.' The boy ate almost ravenously. He was nearly starved. But presently ho

stopped with a little start. "I beg your pardon, sir," he hastily said, "but you are letting me eat it

mured the vagabond. The star paled, the night wind fluttered the loose Lay. The boy was

The sun had climbed high when he awoke. He rubbed his eyes and looked around. The tramp was smil-

abond. "Bread and milk again, and a out." piece of fresh johnnycake, and a

chunk of cold beef." "If you please," said the boy, "I think I'd like to wash before I eat."

brush, a tooth brush, a tiny mirror and a comb and a wash cloth.

"My mother gave me this," he said. 'See, there's my initials on it." He knelt down on a flat stone at the edge of the stream and made his

The vagabond gave a queer little

kers?" "I wonder," said the tramp.

where you want to go and why you're smile faded. "It looks," he softly muttered, "as

> He gave back the glass and they made their frugal meal. "Now for the road," said the vaga

they? They know how to live withbond, "and Chelsea Springs." They might have been a pair of the boy. out money and they ain't never sick, careless strollers as they tramped and they can tell when storms are coming, and they know all the places down the highway that sunny morn- thickly. His wandering gaze fell upon on the map and lots of things, don't ing. The vagabond developed a won- the stranger, who was trying to rederful fund of merry conversation, gain his feet.

The vagabond, lounging on the hay They stopped to rest occasionally, and once they were given a ride by a enough." "No doubt they're a much envied farmer's boy on a hay wagon, and when it was near noon, they came in school," said the lad. "They locked sight of a low frame house some dis-

> "You wait for me here." He went up the lane and was hidden by the bushes. Presently he

"Nothing doing," he cheerfully an bury, and my mother was taken so sick that the doctor said she must go nounced. "The old man said I was to Chelsea Springs and my father too clean for a tramp and too dirty

boys' school, because it wouldn't be But at the next farmhouse the "Yes, sir," said the lad, and his convenient for me at the Springs, so I vagabond found an elderly woman voice broke a little. "I couldn't find went to the school and I never had who said he could eath his dinner my way and I was very tired and no- been away from home before, and with the ax. He whistled for the bov,

> throat and I'm pretty sure I cried. piciously. And some of the boys saw me and "Your boy?" she said to the tramp. they said I was a cry baby and they "Boy of a friend of mine. Been pushed me around and then one of away and I'm taking him home."

> them said I'd better run right home "Does he treat you well?" she asked the lad. of my mamma and how sick she was and what he said hurt me, and I "He treats me very well." replied.

And he laid his hand trustingly on him scream, and then some more of the vagabond's arm. They had an excellent dinner in the after the great battle in the highway, them came at me and I fighted them all. And they got me down on the

> woman put a bag of cookies in the boy's hands.

"I'm afraid," she said, "that you'll he was hurt." have a harder job of cutting than you had at the woodpile. But I'll let you -'cause I wanted to get to Chelsea take a razor-it is an old one my son Springs as soon as I could. I was left behind when he went to the Philafraid to ask the way, 'cause when I ippines. If you do a good job, I'll

He did so good a job that the boy to tell you. I know you could lick woman promptly told him to keep both the razor and strop. "I'd like to test it," said the tramp

"And take good care of the boy," she said. "Lady," said the boy as he gravely sbook hands with her, "he's taking

of your way, kiddie. Chelsea Springs must be all of forty miles, cross country, from here. Want me to take you much."

The woman looked at the tramp "Sure I do," cried the child. "My and her eyes were very keen. father will be so much obliged to "Friend," she cried, "I believe there's the making of a man in you

you." He suddenly yawned. "Excuse me, but it's funny how sleepy I vet." am. Do you know any prayer you and wished them both Godspeed. " 'Cause if you do you might like the boy chattered like a merry mag-

And then they came upon a rough A single yellow star gleamed fitfellow sitting on a stump by the roadfully through the light mist above way, a burly vagabond with a fiery

face and a hoarse voice. "Why, it's Stevie!" he cried 'swearin' Stevie-an' who's th' kid? He glowered hard at the boy, who moved a little nearer his friend.

"Howdy, Butcher," said the vagabond, and started to pass the fellow. "And bless the tramp, too," he but the burly man lurched into the roadway

SAW once how like sleep was to life in the deep waters. A man who to my waking eyes looked cold and starved and rugged sat upon one of the benches on the Embankment. He was sleeping, and I knew from his face that then at least he did not count himself miserable.

But presently a policeman came and shook the sleeper into waking life. Then all the violence of the world seemed to be let loose upon this wreck of a man. He shook and blinked his eyes and breathed with heavy spasms. It was just as when a fish is caught out of the depth of the sea and suddenly cast into a basket. I have seen mackerel shake and gasp like this poor man suddenly caught up out of the native Or if you think that a fish thus dying is only an amusing and not a painful sight, then think what it might be if some giant of fable could catch us up out of our native air into the space between the stars.

Would we not willingly sink back again into the depth of S. it is when the loud world lets us glide down into sleep. -London Outlook.

"No, you don't, Stevie," he snarled. That's no way to shake an old pal. I don't know what's your game, but I mean to find out. Here, have a drink?" And he drew a black bottle

from his rags. The boy noticed that the vagabond seemed to tremble a little. But he

"No, Butcher," he said, "I've cut it

The stranger laughed discordantly. "You've cut it out," he hoarsely shouted. "Little Stevie's cut out the booze! Well, well! An', maybe,

"Yes," said the vagabond, and he

"I dunno what your game is," 'There's a washroom right across the snarled the vagabond, "but it's easy to see there's money in th' boy He led the way over the field to a Mebby he's kidnaped; mebby not. shady ravine, with a brisk little Mebby he's the boy I saw advertised stream gurgling through it. And the over at Johnsbury; mebby not. But, boy drew from his inner coat pocket anyway, I'm standin' in with you, an' a flat leather case, and opening it, it's going to be a share-and-share-

> bond, sharply, The stranger luched forward with a

"Come here, you cub!"

The baffled brute screamed an oath and struck the vagabond a heavy "All right," he said, and took the blow. And the vagabond, forced from proffered soap. When he finally his balance for a moment, rallied and looked around, his face cleaned, his rushed forward like a wildcat, and hair smoothed down, his eyes clear the fight was on. It was a desperate and shining and his white teeth glit- battle. The big man had the weight tering, the boy gave a quick laugh. and skill, but the vagabond was quick

"Run, kiddie!" he screamed again,

as he dashed at the ruffian. Then he slipped and fell and the big "Look at yourself in my glass," mar was down on him like a flash, said the boy, and gave him the little and the sky turned red before the boy's eyes and he gave a queer, chok-The vagabond smilingly took it and ing cry and snatched up a piece of rotsomething about who you are and looked at his reflection and the ting wood, and ran forward and screamed again and brought the club down with all his force on the bare

> And the stranger crumpled under the blow and rolled into the roadway. The vagabond slowly arose. He

was white and trembling. "I-I didn't run away," stammered

"Good thing," said the vagabond

thickly growled. "You've had And the burly man staggered down the roadway, swearing and groaning.

bond anxiously. "Come into the shade, sir," he said, and caught his hand and drew him from the roadway. And suddenly the vagabond reeled and fell at full length

on the grass, white and still. The boy gave one glance at the prostrate form and turned and ran

swiftly up the roadway. Three days later the vagabond was resting in a hammock on the broad porch of a kind old woman's farmhouse. When the panting boy had help, the woman had taken him into for treatment, but his medicine made body came by and then I heard you after my father went away I guess who was waiting in the highway, and her wagon, which luckily was stand-matters still worse; as a last resort singing down the road—singing that maybe I cried. You see my mother the lad piled the wood and filled the ing in the lane, and had driven after they were advised by a friend to use good woman had bandaged and plas- ment with Cuticura Soap, Ointment tered his hurts and tenderly nursed and Resolvent, the effect was wonder-

"It might have been my own sor,"

she murmured. into the care of the rural carrier. And so it happened that a touring

clean old kitchen and ther the kind and a man leaped out and ran aud caught the boy in his arms. "Here, daddy," cried the lad, "come "Madam," said the tramp, with a and meet my friend. He's been awful

> fought him like a tiger and that's how "I know all about that, son," said the newcomer, "and your friend is my

henceforth." And he took the vagabond's hand and pressed it warmly.

"He guided me, daddy, just like stared at him in wonder and the that guide you had in the woods, and he was bringing me to you when he

> The vagabond looked up with a quick smile. "He trusted me, sir," he said with a queer little catch in his voice. "No-

body ever trusted me before. And as

for guiding-why, sir, it's the boy

Literature in Ye Olden Time. The publisher is not a modern product. there were firms or individuals who stood between the author and the slave labor for the transcription of manuscripts, of which there were frequently large editions. It may be said that the supply of books was abundant, and their prices very reaonable; in fact, amazingly cheap, all things considered. For instance, the first book of Martial's Epigrams, in handsome binding, was sold for what would be in our money about seventyfive cents. A cheaper edition was to

Curiosities of Smell.

No substance that refuses to dissolve in water has an odor. It is the there at all .- London Globe.

The largest railway company in England, the Great Western, has a ocomotive for nearly every mile of the system; there are 3000 miles and Do you feel all tired out? Do you sometimes

think you just can't work away at your profes-sion or trade any longer? Do you have a poor ape-tite, and lay awake at nights unable to sleep? Are your nerves all gone, and your stomach too? Has ambition to forge ahead in the world left you? If so, you might as well put a stop to your miscey. You can do it if you will. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will make you a different individual. It will set your lazy liver to work. It will set things right in your stomach, and your appetite will come back. It will purify your blood-If there is any tendency in your family toward consumption, it will keep that dread destroyer away. Even after consumption has almost gained a foothold in the form of a fingering cough, bronchitis, or bleeding at the lungs, it will bring about a cure in 98 per cent. of all cases. It is a remedy prepared by Dr. R. V. Pierce.

of Buffalo, N. Y., whose advice is given free to all who wish to write him. His great success has come from his wide experience and varied practice. Don't be wheedled by a penny-grabbing dealer into taking inferior substitutes for Dr. Pierce's medicines, recommended to be "just as good." Pierce's medicines are OF KNOWN COMPOSITION. Their every ingredient printed on their wrappers. Made from roots without alcohol. Contain no habitforming iruga. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Chinese are building reinforc-

In a Pinch, Use Allen's Foot-Ease, The Artiseptic Powder, to shake into your choes. It rests the feet. Cures Corns, Bun ions, Swellen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen a Feet Feet Peer weber and order to the the control of the con Foot-Fase makes new or tight shoes easy Always use it to break in new shoes. Sai ple files. A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Soda will brighten burned or darkened chinaware.

For Red, Itching Eyelids, Cysts, Styen, Falling Eyelashes and All Eyes That Need Care, Try Murine Eye Salve. Aseptic Tubes, Trial Size, 25c. Ask Your Druggist or White Musics of the State or Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago. Chile exports about 1,800,000 tons

of nitrate of soda an ually.

Whether from Colds, Heat, Stomach or ferrous Troubles, Capudine will relieve you. Vt. Siguid-pleasant to take-acts immediately. Try it, 10c., 25c, and 50c, at drug

FOR HEADACHE-HICKS CAPUDINE

A new meter registers how long a telephone is used. Mrs. Winslow's Southing Syrap for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle

Corn is Argentina's premier crop. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take.

An outo driven by producer gas is 3 Scotch experiment Epidemic of Itch in Welsh Village.

"In Dowlais, South Wales, about fifteen years ago, families were stricken wholesale by a disease known as the itch. Believe me, it is the most terrible disease of its kind that I know of, as it itches all through your body and makes your life an inferno. Sleep is out of the question and you feel as if a million mosquitoes were attacking you at the same time. knew a dozen families that were so

affected. "The doctors did their best, but their remedies were of no avail whatever. Then the families tried a druggist who was noted far and wide for his remarkable cures. People came

ful and the result was a perfect cure in all cases "I may add that my three brothers, three sisters, myself and all our families have been users of the Cuticura Remedies for fifteen years. Thomas Hugh, 1650 West Huron St., Chicago,

ar came up the lane on the third day Ill., June 29, 1909."

Incredulity Of Man.
Mr. Henry C. Weeks, the New
York architect, who years ago moved
the mirth of his Long Island neighbors by pouring oil into swamps to keep down mosquitoes, lived long enough to have the laugh on his side, dying Friday at the age of 66. He is not the only instance, by thousands, of the pioneer being called crazy by those whom he was seeking to benefit by an operation that justifies itself. Fulton was "crazy" the opinion of those who jeered him as he went on his way to the yard where the Clermont was building. Their incredulity was different in expression only from that of Laplace. who assured Napoleon that there was nothing in Fulton's idea, and that steam had, about enough power to propel a child's plaything .- Boston

Big Hats Defended. "Those big hats are all right, all right," said the man. "I want my wife to wear one on week days and Sundays, night and morning. They keep her from getting her head knocked off, that is why. All her life she has had the habit of poking her head through cab windows, car windows, the windows of any old thing she happened to be riding in. Pillars, posts and passing vehicles grazed her nose, but possible beheadings had no terror for her. But since she has taken to wearing big hats she has to keep her head inside because the hats won't go through the window. against big hats just put me down among the 'yeas.'"—New York Sun.

For Breakfast-Post **Toasties**

with cream or milk.

The smile that follows will last all day-

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers. Pkgs. 10c and 15c.

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Led.,

a FI.A.VOR that is used the same as remote or vanilla. By dissolving granulated sugar in water and adding Mapieine, adelicious syrup is made and a syrup better than maple. Mapieins is sold by greecers. Send 2e stamp for sampla and recipe book. Crescent Mig. Co., Scattle, The automobile industry is respon-

ible for a scarcity of leather. For COLDS and GRIP. Hick's CAPUDINE is the best remedy-relieves the aching and feverishness-cures the Cold and restores normal conditions. It's liquid-effects immediately, 10c., 25c. and 80c., atdrug stores.

No substance that refuses to dissolve in water has an odor. It is the actual substance itself, floating in particles in the air, that appeals to the nose, and not simply a vibra-tion of the air, as in the case of ight and sound. The damper a thing is the more powerful the odor it gives off. A pleasant proof of the fact can be had by walking in a garden after rain. There is no end to the curiosities of smell. instance, the vapor of a liquid that smells, and not the liquid in the mass itself. If eau de cologne be poured into the nostril the nose reuses to recognize any odor there at

Mountain air is imitated for the

FOURYEARS

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



take Lydia E. Pink-Vegetable and. Then ham's Compound. Then I felt as though new life had been

indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means had failed.

table Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. She has guided housands to health, free of

Send postal for Free Package of Paxtine. Better and more economical than liquid antiseptics FOR ALL TOILET USES.

Gives one a sweet breath; clean, white

preciated by dainty women. A quick A little Paxtine powder dissolved in a glass of hot water makes a delightful antiseptic solution, possessing extraordinary cleansing, germicidal and heal-ing power, and absolutely harm-less. Try a Sample. 50c. a large box at druggists or by mail.



ATENTS, Trade-Marks, Pension , Bounty Pay, Claims Against the Government, Soliciting.

CELEBIATED ENGLISH REMEDY (or GOUT AND RHEUMATISM, SAFE AND

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY;

Retained this valuable Element in the food. "There's a Reason"

> (POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Limited) Battle Creek, Michiga A.

"That sounds good to me," mur-

ing down at him. "Breakfast is ready," said the vag-

drew back.

His cheeks grew red as he looked at you've cut out th' swearin', too!" the tramp's grimy face. "I always do, you know," he added with an suddenly took a grip on the boy's

apologetic air. "Of course," laughed the vagabond. field. Come."

showed a piece of soap, a narrow hair alike deal. Come here, kid."

toilet-and came up rosy and smiling. boy aside. "You're next," he cried.

laugh. That's easy to see. But don't you worry. I've had my feed. Make it a "That's great," he cried. "I won- and full of courage. The boy finished the bread and der how you'd look without whis-

"I'm feeling much better, thank "That's good. And now, maybe, mirror. you'll feel like telling me a little

"Of course I'll tell you," said the if there might be some remnants of a head of the burly brute. boy promptly. "I'll tell you 'cause man there yet."

and the boy was as happy as a bird.

tance from the road. "Now to forage," said the tramp.

She looked at him a little sus

"Yes, ma'am," the boy promptly

ground, and I got up again and shook little flourish, "could you, would you, me any dinner and struck me with a loan me a razor?" cane, and locked me in a room all by The good woman laughed pocket and I pried open the window

give it to you."

fine care of me and I like him very

And she shook hands with him The vagabond was rather quiet as they strolled down the highway, but public, using the cheap resource of

Mappiness in Sleep.

"Let the boy alone," said the vaga

fierce oath. The vagabond quickly threw the

"Run!" he cried. "Run, kiddie!

"Move along, Jim Butcher," he

The boy was watching the vaga-

rushed up the lane with a cry for to him from all parts of the country the injured vagabond, and together the Cuticura Remedies. I am glad to they had brought him home. And the tell you that after a few days' treat-

And then, a little later, she found time to write a letter, and to pass it

good to me. When a very bad man tried to steal me away from him he

friend and your mother's friend, from

got hurted."

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